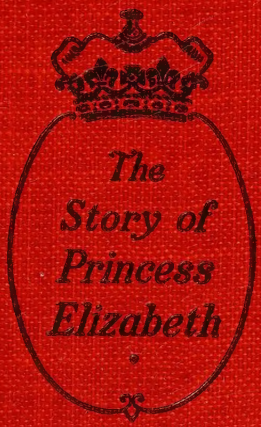
The
Story of
Princess
Elizabeth

Phyllis Joan Round.

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THE STORY OF THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH

Mother and Daughter

The Story of
Princess Elizabeth

TOLD WITH THE SANCTION OF HER PARENTS

By ANNE RING

FORMERLY ATTACHED TO

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF YORK'S HOUSEHOLD

With many Photogravures

LONDON

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

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Princess Elizabeth of York

NEARLY four hundred years ago, at Woodstock, in the leafy heart of Oxfordshire, a little Princess Elizabeth had played with her wooden doll.

She had been called Elizabeth after her grandmother, Elizabeth of York, and lived hidden in the grey rambling old Manor house, lately rebuilt by King Henry VII her grandfather.

At three years old she was a lonely little figure, for her mother, the tragic Anne Boleyn, was dead, and her father was at Hampton Court with a new wife.

So that Royal Elizabeth, her young limbs hampered by hooped petticoats, her hair pressed close under a tight cap, played at battledore between the yew hedges, or peeped at the reflection of her small determined face in the surface of poor Rosamund's pool.

And the servants watching her were unaware that as long as England lives she will be reverenced, and her glorious reign, set with

the jewels of gallant names, will shine for ever as "the spacious days of great Elizabeth."

And now this England has in her keeping another precious Princess Elizabeth, whose future holds possibilities as richly romantic as those of the first of her name, but whose bright babyhood is in strange contrast with the warped childhood of the little girl of Woodstock.

From the moment of her birth not only has our little Princess been wrapped about with the tender love of parents and devoted grandparents, of cousins and uncles and friends, but she has been the object of admiring affection from thousands in this country and beyond the seas who have never even seen her.

She is the World's best known Baby, and what a delightful thought it is that the Baby herself is unconscious of it!

Presently Princess Elizabeth will begin to realise the extent of the interest she inspires; she will know that smiling people do not flock to greet every little girl riding in her carriage, but in that moment of discovery, there will be her Mother's wise influence to keep her as she is to-day, a sweet and natural child.

Speaight

The First Photograph

Princess Elizabeth of York was born on the 21st of April, 1926, at No. 17 Bruton Street, the London house of her grandfather, the Earl of Strathmore. On a morning in April three years before that, the pavements of this secluded street had been thronged with friendly faces watching for the white vision of a bride stepping from the doorway to the car which was to drive her to Westminster Abbey. Some of the watchers had seen Lady Elizabeth Bowes Lyon on the day of her marriage to the Duke of York, and many saw her in the days that followed, and to all came the instantaneous conviction that, like the King's daughter of old, she was "all glorious within," and that her beauty lay not merely in the charm of her face, but had its source in the tender and understanding qualities of her heart.

And that was why, on April 21st, 1926, and on many days afterwards, Bruton Street was thronged again with friendly faces, whose presence there was an expression of the affectionate regard felt by all for the Duchess of York.

From one of the waiting cars drawn up outside No. 17 had alighted the Home

Secretary, who in accordance with the Law of this Country was called upon to be present in the house at the time of the Royal Infant's birth. In due course, therefore, Sir William Joynson Hicks, who since then has become Lord Brentford, was received by the Princess Elizabeth. The Home Secretary was her first visitor—and this was in fact her first public appearance, and it is recorded of her that on the occasion she yawned!

The nursery occupied by the Princess in Bruton Street, was not a very large room, and was at the top of the house. Its windows looked out, not over Bruton Street, where little knots of women continued to gather day after day, and to linger, hoping vaguely to gain a closer association with historic happenings by catching a glimpse of the Queen as a visitor, or of the Duke of York, or even perhaps of the newest member of the Royal Family. Its windows looked out towards Grafton Street, a typical London view; roofs and more roofs—not very splendid, but views didn't matter, for the cosy nursery, just above the Duchess's own bedroom, was intimate and peaceful, and it contained all that Princess Elizabeth needed, a cot which was neither

Marcus Adams

Aged One. With H.M. the Queen

ostentatious nor elaborate, but soft as down and white as a snowdrift, a quantity of almost fairy garments so delicately wrought were they —and then there was her nurse, and plenty of sunshine.

To this first nest of Princess Elizabeth's came visitors—the Countess of Strathmore very often, and the Queen often too. Her Majesty had, of course, her two little grandsons already, but this was her first granddaughter, and she was and is enchanted with her. Queen Mary has always had the most loving admiration for her son's wife, and on one of her earliest visits to the nursery in Bruton Street, she said, looking down at the Baby Princess—"I do wish you were more like your little Mother!"

And so visitors came to see her, with endless surmises, you may be sure, as to her future, her appearance, her personality. Sometimes, of course, she cried a little. It was her only comment on life ; but more often she smiled, thus creating the impression, which nothing has subsequently altered, of her being an adorable and a very good Baby.

Even on the day when the important question of her names was decided she

remained tranquil — Elizabeth Alexandra Mary, after her Mother, her great-grandmother, and her grandmother; or, as the imaginative might prefer to think, after three great Queens. By a coincidence the Princess's initials were to be the same as her Mother's initials, only in a different order, the Duchess's names being Elizabeth Marguerite Angela. It was settled that the Royal Baby was to be called Elizabeth; everyone in the Royal circle was agreed about this—and she herself, doubtless, was well content.

No one could have chosen a better time of year for a birthday than did Princess Elizabeth. The month of April, the month of young love, of lambs, and daffodils—and though there were no lambs in London, young love was there plentifully, budding in human hearts, and daffodils were there blossoming—in baskets. They were displayed at the street corners in buxom bunches, and in the gayer shop windows in sheaves, and they danced in battalions all the way up in the grass where Hyde Park borders on Park Lane. For this was spring-time with the summer ahead; and the spring came early in 1926. So that when Princess Elizabeth went out for her first walk,

there were gay toilettes everywhere, and motors flashing past, and riders in the Row.

But Princess Elizabeth on this first occasion did not go to the Park. She was carried, a white wisp, in her nurse's arms, carefully and decorously around the quiet precincts of Berkeley Square, where the carpet of grass showed an amazing green, and the tree buds were beginning to throw a lace-work, like a veil, over the sooty bark of the branches.

An admirer of Princess Elizabeth who saw her when she was six or seven weeks old, has written of the occasion: "We were taken right upstairs to the nursery at the top of the house. It was a most beautiful late afternoon, and the little Princess had only just come in from her afternoon walk. She is a most darling baby, with fine limbs, and I should think perhaps she will be tall, she has big blue eyes and tiny ears set close to her head, and the whitest skin in the world. I held her and soothed her for quite a little while when her nurse was busy about the room, and she only cried in a mildly protesting whimper, though it was past her bath-time. Nurse says she is always good—Nurse herself talks

charmingly to the baby and is so sweet with her."

When Princess Elizabeth was scarcely more than three months old she went on her first long journey. In the earliest days of August each year, at the end of the London season, the Duke and Duchess travel north to stay with the Earl and Countess of Strathmore at Glamis Castle. They usually leave Kings Cross at night, arriving early next morning, but a day journey was considered best for the Baby, who, therefore, went up there on the day before. She slept a good part of the way, and was quite unaffected by the journey, so that when the Duke and Duchess and their golden retriever "Glen" arrived at the Castle from the wayside station of Glamis, there was the Princess in her nurse's arms smiling to greet them.

The arrival of the Duchess of York's baby brought the greatest joy and satisfaction to the County of Forfarshire and to the small township of Glamis. Only those Southerners who know something of Scottish History, and of the century-old lordship which the Lyons of the Great Strath have held over this stretch of country, can understand the proud loyalty

Thurston

which the people in the villages for miles around feel for the Lords of Strathmore. This is not a tradition of to-day, or even of yesterday, there has always been, it seems, with "the moor and the moss," "the fishings and the forest," and at the foot of the valley, the great Castle of Glamis—and in the Castle, since the days of the White Lyon, who married a King's daughter, there has always been, a Lyon, Lord of Strathmore.

Thus it was that when Princess Elizabeth of York, at three months old, came with her Mother for the first time to the Castle of Glamis, it was in a very real sense of the word that she was coming home.

It was wonderful what progress Princess Elizabeth began to make in the magical air of Glamis. She grew more beautiful daily, and certainly had no lack of admirers to tell her so. She had passed that moment when so many an infant seems for a space to hesitate, doubting, upon the threshold of life. Already Princess Elizabeth was filled with a sense of comfort and well-being and serene courage—she was going forward. And so around her during those August days the quiet summer life of any great country house went pleasantly on. Princess Elizabeth herself took no great part in it, though she touched on it at times, as when, for instance, after breakfast, she would be carried to the Morning Room, or into the Oak Room after tea, where she could gaze at the glinting silver of the tea service, or hold tightly some seal or trinket from her grandmother's writing table.

Princess Elizabeth slept a great deal at Glamis, perhaps because there is such a charming spot for sleep there—and that is the Dutch Garden, designed long ago by Lady Strathmore, her grandmamma.

Imagine a garden walled about with close-clipt hedges, a formal dark-green frame for

grey stone terraces, mossy banks and intimate benches, and a delicate jewel of a fountain, where Cupid from a pedestal pours water into a shallow pool, a pool tiled with mosaic work of the brightest turquoise blue. And on either side of the fountain stretches an herbaceous border, which day after day, unfolds a new miracle of beauty, paid court to by multitudes of bees.

To this magic place, then, Princess Elizabeth would be wheeled each morning, and there she would sleep, to the rhythmic sound of tennis balls on a hard court where her elders played, and to the song of the laden bees. And when she awoke it was to smile at her Father and Mother as they started off on some fishing expedition, or to take a polite interest in those of her grandmother's guests, who had come to pay court to her.

The nursery at Glamis where Princess Elizabeth now lived, is old. In the past it must have echoed to the sound of many voices, to the patter of many tiny feet. It is not in the main Keep of the Castle, but remains by itself, so to speak, a long low rambling wing. It is old—and like the very old, and the very

young too for that matter, it may easily be imagined that it loves to be made much of, to be thought important, useful—and so when the preparations were made to welcome Lady Elizabeth's daughter, we can believe that it glowed—its oak boards, beaming under their patine of fresh beeswax, and its diamond panes winking with delight.

At the end of that August the Duke and Duchess of York left the Castle for a round of visits to friends, leaving the Princess in the care of her grandmother—and then, when autumn came, a few more days were spent at Glamis, before the Duke and Duchess returned south, taking their daughter back with them to Bruton Street.

The new home in Piccadilly had already been decided upon, but then also had the Tour which the Duke and Duchess were to undertake to Australia and New Zealand, and, as No. 145 was not nearly ready for their occupation, 17 Bruton Street was rented from the Earl of Strathmore for the time being.

It must have been a busy time for the Duchess of York, and a sad time too when she thought of the coming parting with her Baby,

Marcus Adams

The world has no such flower in any land,
And no such pearl in any gulf the sea,
As any babe on any mother's knee.—Swinburne

who was growing more interesting every day. A friend who saw Princess Elizabeth in November, says of the visit: "In the Morning Room I found the Duchess kneeling on the floor in front of a big Chesterfield couch playing with her Baby. It is wonderful how the Baby has grown. She went away from London a little infant, and she has returned, there is no doubt about it—a Princess. She was sitting up by herself in the middle of the huge Chesterfield, like a white fluff of thistledown, with her dainty Columbine skirts arranged around her—a queen upon her throne. Her hair is very fair and is beginning to curl charmingly, owing, so the Duchess says, to the untiring attention of her nurse. I cannot see that the little Princess is at all like her Mother. She seems to me the living image of those photos one has seen of Princess Mary and her little brothers when they were that age. The Baby is always good, she has the sweetest air of complete serenity about her—while we were talking her nurse came in to fetch her, and the Duchess threw round her daughter's head, to protect her from draughty passages, a filmy veil of gossamer, from which she looked down out of her nurse's arms

smiling angelically at her Mother, like a cherub out of a cloud."

During those hurried weeks the Duchess tried to forget the coming parting with her Baby by throwing herself heart and soul into the planning of what was to be done at No. 145 Piccadilly in their absence, for the house had been unoccupied for years and everything had to be thought out—especially in the nurseries. The Duchess gave minute consideration to every detail of colouring, decoration, carpets, furniture, and general arrangement, and had the comfortable thought that on their return all would be in readiness, and she could at once have her Baby to herself again.

One important question was easily decided. A friend said to the Duchess, " I suppose that Baby will go to stay with Lady Strathmore in the country " and she answered smiling, " Well, not all the time, I expect I shall have to divide her ! You see the Queen wants to have her for at least three out of the six months."

The Christmas of 1926, that first Christmas day of Princess Elizabeth's life, was spent at Sandringham, a day not so very different from other gay days for her; but a Christmas for-

Marcus Adams

O child, what depths there are in thee,
Of sweetness, love and mystery!

lornly overshadowed for the Duchess. Directly after Christmas they went to St. Paul's, Walden Bury, the Hertfordshire home of the Earl of Strathmore, and it was there that the Duchess said Good-bye to her parents and her Baby, leaving on January 5th, 1927, for the start of the Australian Tour.

But before she left, she clasped round the throat of her little daughter, the Princess's first jewellery, a very special necklace, for it had been worn by the Duchess herself all through her babyhood. It has since become familiar to many in photographs of the Princess, a string of coral beads, which matches perfectly her petal cheeks.

The month of January, 1927, was full of frosts and fogs and influenza; but so carefully was the little Princess guarded against them that her face became no paler. This important question of the Baby's well-being during her Mother's absence must have been constantly in the thoughts of the Countess of Strathmore, who received some amusing letters on the subject—among others one from the Powers responsible for that mystic publication, "Old Moore's Almanac." The prophet had

written to Lady Strathmore that the stars would be propitious to Princess Elizabeth in the year 1927, for her horoscope was favourable ; but every care must be taken to prevent her coming into contact with any climbing plant !

It is impossible not to think of the Princess in the fairy tale, who must never prick her finger, and who, though every needle was banished from the kingdom, managed to prick herself with the shuttle of a spinning wheel—and so fell into that hundred years' sleep from which Prince Charming alone could awaken her.

Princess Elizabeth stayed on at St. Paul's Walden until the first week of February, when she moved with her nurse to Buckingham Palace. The Baby Princess had, of course, been taken to the Palace a number of times, but this was the first time that she had stayed there. Queen Mary was enchanted to have her granddaughter living in those airy rooms in the north wing, those nursery rooms which for her would always be fragrant with memories of her own small sons and daughters; and Her Majesty must often have thought of the day, when as Duchess of York herself,

How do you do ?

she had to make the same sacrifice as her daughter-in-law and say good-bye to her children in order to accompany her Royal Husband on their Tour to India in H.M.S "Ophir."

The nurseries in Buckingham Palace had quite lately been occupied by Princess Mary's sons, so not many alterations were needed to prepare them for Princess Elizabeth. Every afternoon she would be brought down to the King and Queen by her nurse at tea time, and the appearance at the door of a very little person in a white gown and fringed sash would be greeted by the Queen's delighted cry of "Here comes the Bambina!"

Every month during her Mother's absence Princess Elizabeth had her photograph taken, and these pictures were sent out to the Duke and Duchess, so that they might have some record of the progress their daughter was making.

During this spring in London the baby saw a great deal of her cousins, the Hon. George and the Hon. Gerald Lascelles, and she began to have a certain pleasant social life of her own, and would even accept invitations to tea at Chesterfield House, where sitting on her

nurse's knee in her frilliest gossamer gown, she would look down graciously on George and Gerald displaying the treasures of their toy cupboard at her feet. And as the spring days grew warmer, nearly every afternoon the two little boys and their girl cousin would drive with their nurses in the Park ; and the delight of those who caught sight of Princess Elizabeth and waved to her was only equalled by her own delight at the colour and brightness and movement that she saw around her.

In truth it is a delightful place the Park in springtime, a place of leaves and dappled sunlight, and dashing riders upon ponies, and bright balloons, and Innocence in perambulators, and gaily skipping children.

Then came Princess Elizabeth's first birthday. Parcels had been arriving for her at the Palace, and in the afternoon there was a festive tea party carefully planned by Queen Mary, at which the hostess gazed entranced at the whiteness of the angel cake, with its one modest but momentous candle, whose pale gleam danced upon silver and flowers, and on the excited faces of the Lascelles boys. And the grown-up people present at that party must have been conscious

of something spiritual in the room, a flight of winged thoughts, the thoughts of a Father and Mother, which had travelled many thousand miles, and rested now in blessing on their child.

The last two months of her parents' absence Princess Elizabeth spent with the Earl and Countess of Strathmore at St. Paul's Walden Bury in Hertfordshire, a house which even perhaps more than Glamis was the beloved childhood home of the small brown-haired girl who was Lady Elizabeth Lyon.

St. Paul's Walden has already been described by Lady Cynthia Asquith in her "Life Story of the Duchess of York," but few writers can hope to paint in the prosaic medium of words the magical atmosphere which, like an after-glow or an echo, lingers around the rose-red walls of this enchanting Queen Anne home. It is as if all who have known the house and lived in it and loved it, have bequeathed to it something of their human experience; as if those old craftsmen and designers who laboured lovingly at its fabric, have mingled with the mortar binding the rose-red bricks some of their dreams and delicate imaginings, It is as if all the children who have lived in it,

have given the kind old house their laughter, and all the brides who have returned to it, their shy happiness—and all the old who have passed from it, their philosophy.

Those who visit St. Paul's Walden to-day begin to feel the reaching out of this kindly influence as soon as the car conveying them turns from the main road, in at the white gate, and leaving on the right the high wall of the kitchen garden, over which float, in their season, the scents of strawberry and sweet-pea, mounts always through park land where lazy cattle lift their heads—to the long wall which all through summer is a pageantry of roses and a carnival of bees—great round-about old-fashioned roses climbing so high, that even the feet of the stone cupids standing on the plinth are covered by them. And then the car sweeps round by the statue of Father Time supporting on his lichened shoulder a heavy sundial—and draws up before a low portico. A dog comes out to meet you, and with a feeling that the old house has opened wide its arms to you, you pass the white pillared threshold into tranquility and peace.

Across this threshold then, into that tranquility, Princess Elizabeth was carried

Marcus Adams

The world is very full of fun
When you have reached the age of one.

at the beginning of May 1927, and two dogs came out to the wide step to meet her, followed her through the shadowed hall, and stood looking up at their mistress, Lady Strathmore, as her granddaughter was put into her arms These two dogs became beings of the highest importance to Princess Elizabeth —they were two beautiful Chinese Chows. One had a chocolate coat and was called Brownie, while Blackie had a sooty coat, which was only matched in colour by the sootiness of his tongue.

And when it was time for Princess Elizabeth to be carried upstairs to bed, the two Chows marched a little suspiciously behind her nurse, up the shallow oak staircase and along the creaky oak passage, past the grandfather's clock, and along the strip of red carpet as far as the green baize door—and then, having provided their Guards' escort so to speak, thus far, the dogs padded back, along the passage and down the shallow stairs, to the Library and their mistress. But Princess Elizabeth passed on serenely, through the green baize door, to sleep in her Mother's old nursery, and awaken on the next morning to the marvels of another day.

For life already was becoming exciting. Princess Elizabeth having emerged from infancy had entered into the knowledge of her own personality, which generally means when you are speaking of a baby, that she had a will of her own. Princess Elizabeth could not stand yet, but was by this time excellent at crawling, and, it was in this matter of crawling that her will asserted itself—she would demonstrate clearly to any grown-up who was in the room with her, that if the door were left open for an instant she had every intention of going through it.

Princess Elizabeth did not crawl as some babies do, lying nearly flat. She sat almost upright on one leg and sculled vigorously with the other—thus it was that voyaging placidly among the chairs and underneath the piano, she would suddenly be off in a flash, like some gay little bark with all sails set, up to an open door—and through it, out into the romantic uncharted seas of Adventure that lay beyond.

Life was, indeed, full of delightful novelties for her, and some of those things of joy and wonder were put into her hands to play with, as she sat on a Persian rug in the Library with

her grandmother—there was a small pack of patience cards that could be scattered abroad like a snowstorm, a basket of coloured wools that unrolled and unravelled themselves enchantingly, a flower, that delighted by its colour and soothed by its smell. Then there was that charming game played on the music stool, Grannie holding you with one hand and with the other playing a tinkly tune, and then it was your turn, and your tune was produced by banging with the palms of your hands on the ivories—it was perhaps not so harmonious a tune as Grannie's, but it was more bracing.

After this Princess Elizabeth would be tired and ready for her morning sleep, which was taken in her perambulator under the dimpling shade of the lime walk, or under the great oak that guards the entrance to the rose garden.

In the afternoon came another hour of playtime with her grandmother, in which happily Blackie and Brownie might be called to take a part. These two handsome creatures had all the inscrutability of their Oriental origin; you never could tell what they were thinking. They worshipped their mistress, mildly tolerated other members of the family, but simply and completely ignored anyone

who was not of the household. Few strangers would have attempted without a formal introduction, the liberty of a pat—to meet Brownie at dusk, was to meet some tortured Chinese ghost-spirit stalking the world restlessly in the guise of a Chinese dog, and to find Blackie encamped outside your bedroom door, obscure, sullen, uncanny, barring the way with hostile eyes, was to shut your door and wait—until he had moved away. But there quite definitely exists between animals and young children a peculiar Freemasonry, there passes between them some secret sign unrecognised by grown-ups who have lost it, and instantly and forthwith they are linked in a beautiful sympathy, and that was why, one supposes, Blackie and Brownie entered without protest into Princess Elizabeth's game.

It was a simple enough game, consisting merely of Princess Elizabeth sitting on the floor, with Brownie on one side of her and Blackie on the other—and running her fingers this way and that— first through the chestnut coat and then through the sooty one—but the harsh feel of the dog's hair and the delightful reality of their friendship, titillated some elemental sense, and Princess Elizabeth would

Marcus Adams

I'm sure of this anyhow, that I've chosen the very best parents in all the world.

clap and chuckle and beat with her heels on the floor in a positive ecstasy.

She was learning to talk. She could already make a number of sounds usually understood by those they were addressed to, but in addition she had mastered one word perfectly. It had been taught her patiently by her nurse—it was the word " Mummy."

At this time a few weeks before the Duchess's return, she was word perfect, with the result that she aired her accomplishment diligently, greeting all and sundry, and not excepting any family portraits which particularly pleased her, with the salutation "Mummy, Mummy ! "

However, the great day was at hand when the magical word was really to become appropriately useful, for the " Renown " was rapidly approaching the shores of England, and the Princess was to be re-united to her Mother, to be kissed by her a thousand times, and to live with her happily for ever after.

Originally it had been arranged that the Duke and Duchess of York should drive in procession from the station to Buckingham Palace, and afterwards go on quietly to their new home in Piccadilly where they would find

their Baby waiting for them. But on the afternoon of the day, June 27th, Queen Mary arranged a happy surprise for the Duchess; so that when she arrived at the Palace the little Princess already was there, happy, smiling and thoroughly responsive as always to all the cheering and excitement—in an instant the great moment had come, and was past—Princess Elizabeth was again nestling in her Mother's arms.

And the crowds who afterwards welcomed the Royal Family on the balcony, and saw the Duchess, the picture of radiant motherhood holding her baby, with the Duke standing beside her, understood a little from their faces the thankfulness that was in their hearts.

Princess Elizabeth had been eight months old when her Mother went away, she was now fourteen months old and growing more amusing and interesting every day. She soon settled down in her new nursery at the top of the house in Piccadilly, the first nursery she had had of her own; that is to say, a nursery every detail of which had been planned for her by her Mother.

The Duchess was radiantly happy through those days of the busy month of July which

she and the Duke must of necessity spend in London, for she knew that with their approaching visit to Scotland she would at last have leisure to spend with her baby.

The Duke and Duchess left London for Glamis on the 4th of August, and this time Princess Elizabeth travelled with them. Once at Glamis in the quiet peace of the Castle, with her Mother and Father and her own people about her, the rush and hurry of London forgotten and the tiring leagues of her long journey far behind, the Duchess was able to enjoy the present, and the present for her at that moment was her child.

Princess Elizabeth, too, was enchanted at this new discovery in a world of discoveries—these two devoted playmates, her Father and Mother. She could summon them imperiously by name now, and they were always at hand for her amusement, assisting with as much enjoyment as herself at the evening splashing in her bath and at the happy good-night ceremony before she fell asleep.

Princess Elizabeth slept at Glamis that summer like a tired and healthy young creature of the woods, for she was very busy—learning to walk. The Duchess wrote from Glamis to

a friend, " Elizabeth is learning to walk—very dangerous ! " But she could manage nicely on the flat, when there were not too many obstacles, and could even mount in a painstaking dot-and-go-one fashion the grey stone stairs to the Oakroom—those stairs called long ago by a small nephew of the Duchess, " the pink stairs," presumably because they were carpeted in a deep rich ruby red.

And so four or five weeks passed at Glamis, and then the Princess journeyed farther north for a visit with her parents to the King and Queen at Balmoral. Here again she became the centre of a happy family party and was welcomed with the keenest enthusiasm by the loyal folk of Deeside, when on the occasion of the King's garden party in the grounds of Balmoral, she was wheeled in her perambulator among hundreds of strangers and smiled impartially on all.

In October Princess Elizabeth and her parents spent a few more days at Glamis before journeying south, just time enough for the Princess, held by her Mother's guiding hand, to walk between the glowing flaming faces of the dahlias in the Dutch garden, and to match her laughter with that of the burn,

as it foamed and bubbled round mossy stones, or slid beneath the bridge, golden, olive and amber.

All that autumn and winter of 1927 and 1928 was spent in London with Princess Elizabeth in established possession of the suite of rooms at the top of the house in Piccadilly. Visitors to the house to-day, standing in the inner hall, can look upwards through the wide well of the staircase to a round glass dome in the roof, from which a tempered radiance floods downwards to the ground floor—and often, if they pause, they can hear that best

of welcomes to any house, the sound of a child's chatter, the hurry of small feet. For it is under this dome that a landing gives access to the sequence of rooms designed as Princess Elizabeth's own home. A lift stopping at this landing takes you to her day nursery, her night nursery and her bathroom. The nurseries are airy rooms communicating one with another; their walls are like sunlight shining through sea-water, and on the floor is a cherry-coloured carpet. The plain polished mahogany furniture glows warmly brown in the abundance of light from wide windows looking down upon the ever passing pageantry of Hyde Park Corner.

When Princess Elizabeth stands, as she often does, by the window to look out, she can see down there a mounted policeman in the middle of the roadway, on a horse as still as a statue, while around him blunder the gaudy good-natured 'buses, and the dare-devil dashing motor cars, looking from this height with their polished surfaces like burnished water beetles darting to and fro on a pond. And opposite, on the far side of the road is the Archway at the top of Constitution Hill, crowned by the bronze quadriga, the gallant prancing horses of Captain Adrian Jones.

The windows at the back look out over the unfolded map of Hyde Park with its sea of grass and its tracery of trees, while just below lies the small enclosure of Hamilton Gardens, where a sculptured Byron fondling his dog ponders the might-have-been.

During this autumn and winter Princess Elizabeth used very often to go for her morning walk in Hamilton Gardens, and it really was a walk in those days, for she was becoming more and more steady on her feet, delighting as we all do when very young in

what we believe to be Freedom. But probably because there exists here no such thing as perfect freedom, the walk would often have to be curtailed owing to the attention of photographers who would try to get snapshots of the Princess through the railings.

Christmas, that festival of the family, the child and the home, made a welcome break in the winter for Princess Elizabeth, who journeyed to Sandringham with her parents to stay with the King and Queen—and though it is doubtful how deeply the spirit of the season touched her at this youthful age, there is no doubt about her enjoyment of it, or about her excitement at discovering when she awoke on Christmas morning parcels at the foot of her cot, parcels which had certainly not been there the night before, parcels so thrilling that how could she wait for the strings to be cut! And though there were some who told her about Father Christmas and his red cloak, his white beard and his reindeer, it was evident that Princess Elizabeth at the moment was far more interested in the gifts than in the giver.

After a visit to St. Paul's Walden Bury Princess Elizabeth went back in January to Piccadilly taking her presents with her.

As may be imagined, the little Princess has all kinds of playthings. When the "Renown" returned to England, like the "Ship, a ship, a-sailing . . . . " in the old nursery rhyme, she was richly laden with precious things for the Princess; there were singing canaries and talking parrots, dolls and picture books, carved native models and boxes made of strange woods and curios of all sorts, more indeed than would fill a nursery. The Queen, too when she sees any fascinating toy can seldom resist the pleasure of buying it for her granddaughter—but the Princess's Mother is wise; no one knows better than the Duchess of York, whose own childhood was simple and yet so happy, that it is neither the number of a child's toys nor their expensiveness which make him happy, and she never allows the Princess to be bewildered with too many toys at once.

From time to time some of the Princess's possessions are sorted, mended, packed, and sent as gifts to children's hospitals. Last winter the Duchess sent to the Mayor of Durham, in the name of her daughter, a quantity of toys for distribution among miners' children, that district having a special interest for her, since Streatlam Castle in Durham and

certain Yorkshire estates came to her family in the 18th century as part of the dowry of the famous heiress Eleanor Bowes, who married a Lord Strathmore.

Princess Elizabeth was having a great game with some of her toys, when, shortly before her second birthday, a friend was taken up one evening to her nursery, and this is the description she has given of her amusing visit: "As we came into the room, the Duchess's maid who has been with her as maid ever since schoolroom days, went out—she had evidently been playing with the baby to whom she is an utterly devoted slave. When she saw us, the little Princess came flying to meet her Mother, she has grown such a darling. Afterwards her Mother took her by the hand and she stood so sweetly and without the slightest shyness to be kissed. I think she must be the image of what the Duke of York was at her age, though her nurse declared, showing me some old snapshots, that Princess Elizabeth often reminds her of the Duchess's brother David when he was little. By this time the Baby was engaged in an excellent game with her Mother, they were both processing round and round the nursery table, each pushing in front of her a

Beagles

Topical

doll's perambulator, one with a dolly inside and the other a Teddy Bear. The Baby had on a little white frock lightly smocked with blue and on her twinkling feet were tiny blue shoes, —suddenly she noticed her visitor was not being properly entertained, and running out of the magic circle and taking her by the hand, she called out to her Mother: "Yady too, Mummy, yady too!" and so the "yady" was also provided with a wheeled vehicle and the exciting game of one-way nursery traffic went on apace, until nurse announced it was bed-time—and then Princess Elizabeth ran through the dividing door into the night nursery, and

standing with a small possessive hand on a small white cot, indicated to one who might not be aware of it that this was her own particular bed.

"After that she was captured and undressed, but escaped again at the petticoat stage, and slipping from her nurse's hands, dashed back into the day nursery absolutely brimming with glee. The last glimpse I had of the scene was of a tall white nurse kneeling by a large white bath in which splashed a damp pink cherub, who seemed to be finding this bathing business the perfect end to what had been a perfect day."

Time passed along speedily until the Princess Elizabeth had reached the important age of two. The day was passed in London and the event celebrated by a party at which Lady Patricia Ramsay's small son, Sandy, was one of the honoured guests. Princess Elizabeth is very fond of Sandy Even to-day, when she is well into her fifth year, like many another child, she prefers a playmate older than herself—an experienced builder of bright imaginings, one who can lay those lightly balanced stepping stones that lead across from the conquered world of fact to the

Marcus Adams

That was a jolly story

cloud world of fancy. Her Father and Mother, of course, can find their way across that mysterious bridge better than anyone else—and after them, older children, and especially Sandy. So when Sandy comes to tea Princess Elizabeth is all a-flutter with expectancy, and runs a dozen times to the nursery door, when she thinks she can hear the lift.

During the spring and summer of 1928 Princess Elizabeth spent many happy days at St. Paul's Walden Bury, which is so conveniently near London and such a pleasant retreat from the strain of the town, that the Duchess's Father and Mother love to be there.

At St. Paul's Walden you may stand by the stile leading from the wood to the upper meadows on the west side of the house, and in the still tranquility find it difficult to imagine that the throb of London life is hardly more than an hour away if you are travelling by car. Princess Elizabeth took brief walks not far from the house with her Mother, and under the amazing green of the beeches, called up by thoughts of her own girlhood, the Duchess would see troops of memories dancing fairy-like through the wood. But Princess Elizabeth didn't see them; she saw only a mist of

bluebells and the starry faces of the wood anemones, and opening her small arms wide, she imagined with the lovely faith of youthfulness that she was holding all that beauty within them.

Sometimes Princess Elizabeth's nurse would carry her through the walled garden, where she would watch the efforts of a marauding bird to escape from under the strawberry nets, —or walking by the little lake, unconscious of the ghosts of gallant and perilous Adventure that hover around the ancient punt, she would be shown the jerky swim of a moorhen, or demand to be given a yellow iris growing among its saffron sisters in the sedge.

At the end of the London season Princess Elizabeth went as usual with her parents to Glamis. Train journeys were beginning to fascinate her, and long before the day of departure there was talk of the event. At Glamis Princess Elizabeth was full of high spirits, and delighted the guests at a garden party given by Lady Strathmore, when she darted among them like some small sun-fairy, quite without self-consciousness and intent on her own concerns, with her curls brushed into a

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The proudest queen upon the throne is not more happily placed than I.

pale fluff and her tiny figure arrayed in a frock composed of primrose frills.

When the Duke and Duchess left Glamis on a round of visits, Princess Elizabeth remained at home with her grandmother. Lady Strathmore finds her youngest granddaughter altogether enchanting. One day when playing in a room with her grandmother, Princess Elizabeth suddenly ran to a side table and without any worry or preamble, grasping the telephone called down it confidently "Mummy, Mummy, come to Lilliebeth!"

Lilliebeth is her own name for herself,—but her Father's and Mother's name for her is Elizabeth. The Duchess is too wise to think of shortening a name so beautiful in itself. "Elizabeth," she says to her small daughter, and as she says it one thinks of lovely pitiful things, like Saint Elizabeth with her Charity expressed in loaves and her loaves changed into roses,—"Elizabeth!" the small Princess's Mother says to her, when becoming unruly in the exuberance of high spirits she flings her gloves into the farthest corner of the room, "Oh, Elizabeth!" and the soft syllables sounding as they do like a caress, contain all that is needed in the way of reproof.

When Princess Elizabeth came south again in the Autumn of 1928 it was with another pleasantly thrilling journey in store. This was to Naseby in Northamptonshire where the Duke had taken Naseby Hall for the hunting season, and where she was to spend the greater part of the winter. Like most small children Princess Elizabeth loves animals,—and it was her greatest delight to run round every morning to the stables to be allowed to pat the necks of her Father's horses; and her pleasure at seeing him ride away in hunting kit was only surpassed on the day when for the first time she herself was taken to a meet. The colour and movement delighted her ; and she especially loved the hounds with their nervous erect tails and their elemental eagerness to be off.

Owing to the King's illness in the November of 1928, Princess Elizabeth did not spend a very long time at Naseby Hall. The greater part of the winter was passed at 145 Piccadilly and even Christmas was spent in London that year, and London, Princess Elizabeth found, was quite a pleasant place to spend it in. There again on Christmas morning were those exciting bulky packages festooned about the foot of her cot,

and when she sat playing with her new presents, there was no lack of friends to supply her with informative details about Father Christmas and his romantic sledge and his bright red cloak and the bag on his back, so that she gazed wide-eyed into the nursery grate and wondered, as how many small children have wondered every year, how ever he managed to get down the chimney.

The next day Princess Elizabeth, thoroughly excited, went with her Mother to Buckingham Palace to a tea-party given by the Queen, at which a friend of hers, Lady Mary Cambridge, aged four, was another of the delightful guests. Princess Elizabeth's latest doll also attended the party, and sitting politely and naturally on a chair between the Queen and the Princess drank her tea from a pink and gold tea-cup and saucer provided by the Queen and just the right size for her.

Altogether this was a very pleasant tea party, because Princess Elizabeth was told that Grandpapa, who had been very ill, was much better, and every one, in consequence, was in the best of spirits.

The little Princess had, of course, not seen her Grandfather since the beginning of his

illness, early in November, but she used constantly to ask how he was,—and every time she went to Buckingham Palace during these anxious days to see the Queen, she would take from her own home a specially selected lump of sugar for Charlotte, the King's grey parrot, who was strangely sad at the mysterious disappearance from his study of her master. The lump of sugar was carefully carried all the way clasped in the Princess's hand, and was finally presented to poor Charlotte with much commiseration in the hope that it would soothe her sorrow, and cause her, if only for a little while, to forget her grief.

The King has always been devotedly fond of his little granddaughter, and when some weeks later she spent a short ten days at Craigwell House during his convalescence at Bognor, those in the royal entourage could not fail to notice the brightening effect on the King of Princess Elizabeth's presence, her tender solicitude for his needs, her enterprising busyness in banging away at her sand pies, and her chatter while walking beside his chair.

Early in the year the Princess was having some small trouble with newly come teeth, and trying teeth are apt to make even the most

Marcus Adams

After all, we must be thoughtful sometimes

philosophical of us find the world a bit contrary.

Coming down in search of her Mother one evening, Princess Elizabeth found her just returned from St. Paul's Walden sitting talking in the firelight with a visitor. After hugs for her Mother, Princess Elizabeth explained excitedly that it had snowed during her morning walk, and further, that she considered the snow was quite nice except when it pricked her face. Then looking round the room for something to do, she turned on the light.

" We don't want the light yet, Elizabeth, its so nice sitting like this," and the Duchess who is always rather fearful of lurking shocks to small fingers in an electric switch, turned it off again. In a few moments, however, the Princess was amusing herself by producing ultra modern lighting effects by flashing the light on and off again as quickly as she could move the switch. This time, the Duchess taking her daughter gently by the hand removed her from the temptation,—but instantly Princess Elizabeth wriggled free, " Naughty Mummy ! " she accused her Mother heatedly and then tried to return to the agreeable switch, but a distraction was evolved,—" Elizabeth,

wouldn't you like to open that box ?" On a couch lay a cardboard box that had contained something fragile and was full of packing shavings. At once the Duchess devised a game,—" Look, Elizabeth, we're all in the train going up to Glamis, and its most dreadfully cold, you must cover up our knees with that rug." Promptly the Princess emptied the shavings on to her Mother and the visitor who were sitting expectantly on the floor, and then burrowing eagerly between them, she drew over her own bare knees portions of the rather tickly rug. The Duchess proceeded to impersonate noises associated with the Northern Express, the arrival at a station, the whistling through a tunnel and letting off steam, and at intervals the Princess looked up with anxious enquiry into her Mother's face demanding in thrilled tones, " Are we at Glamis yet ? are we at Glamis ?" But, as everyone knows, it is a very long journey to Glamis, and the train did not arrive there until the Princess's nurse appeared in the doorway announcing bedtime.

As an instance of Princess Elizabeth's good memory, it is interesting to note that the next time the little Princess saw the visitor who had

been a passenger with her in the make-believe train to Glamis, some four or five weeks later, she looked puzzled and thoughtful for an instant and then going to her Mother murmered, "Where's the train, where's the train ?"

But again it was bedtime and nurse was waiting. Princess Elizabeth's Nannie comes from St. Paul's Walden in Hertfordshire, and quite a number of years ago, though it seems but yesterday, she was nurse to little Lady Elizabeth Bowes Lyon and her brother David. Then when these two small people in the course of time left the nursery for the schoolroom, she went to be nurse to another Elizabeth, the eldest child of the Duchess's eldest sister, the Hon. Elizabeth Elphinstone, who was maid of Honour to the Duchess at Holyrood last June.

Nannie remained in Lady Elphinstone's service as nurse to all her children, Elizabeth, John, Jean, Andrew and Margaret ; and then once again, in April 1926, she held in her arms a third little baby girl who was going to be called Elizabeth.

Princess Elizabeth's nurse is tall, dark, wise and kind, and not at all the traditional spectacled

roundabout ever-knitting sort of a Nannie of some legends, but, for all that, she is a wonderful nurse. She knows all about little children ; what they want and what they don't want and what is good for them ; and throughout the time of the Duchess's absence in Australia, Princess Elizabeth, left in her care, had never so much as a cold. Nannie knows just how to manage children, and Princess Elizabeth she says, is and always has been the easiest child to manage in the world. She is contented all day long; and, falling asleep within a few minutes of splashing about in her bath, never wakes before the seemly and sensible hour of seven in the morning. "It is all a matter of temperament," says Nannie, "you have only to know Princess Elizabeth's Mother." The little Princess is devoted to her nurse,—and when Nannie was in the convalescent stage after an attack of influenza in the spring of this year, Princess Elizabeth who had missed her terribly and was fearful lest she should be dull, collected one day the most winsome of her toys, and carried them to her nurse's room.

There exists indeed a delightful friendship between these two, a kind of confidential

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"I wonder why you are so high,
You beauty singing in the sky!"

camaraderie easy to understand when one considers the close association in a child's mind between her own particular nursery world, and the just, wise, and ever present genius of that world, her nurse. To some of us, in distant nursery days, it hardly seemed that the sanctum with the high fire-guard and the friendly furniture could have been primarily designed for us, it was so essentially our Nurse's Royal Demesne, and we a mere troupe of minor planets circling in the sweep of her orbit ; yet on occasion, we would be unexpectedly associated with her, reflecting suddenly from our own small persons some of her splendour, as when a curt order descended to the kitchen in respect of our milk pudding, or a rebuke upon an underling for not scrubbing our Nursery floor. Then it was we were admitted to an august partnership, a fellowship with the Powers that be, and we knew that though Nurse was indeed the Power Supreme of the Nursery Land, it was also our Land,—ours, to share with her.

And so, when Princess Elizabeth's nurse descending to the Morning Room or the Drawing Room, says in her quiet tones, "I think it is bedtime now, Elizabeth," there are

no poutings or protests, just a few last joyous skips and impromptu dance steps, a few last minute laughs at Mummy's delicious bedtime jokes, and then Princess Elizabeth's hand slips into her Nurse's hand, and the two go off gaily together across the deep chestnut pile of the Hall carpet to the accommodating lift, which in two seconds has whisked them up to the familiar dear domain, which is theirs to hold and to share.

During the past winter (1929-30) Princess Elizabeth had actually to remain in this nursery kingdom for several days without going out, a happening most rare for her, for she is always in radiant health and able to go out walking in the coldest weather. But with so many of the Duke's household attacked by 'flu, for the Duchess had it, and the Princess's nurse, and most of the staff, it is small wonder that the little Princess also developed a feverish cold. For a few days she was just a little sorry for herself, but as children do, she soon began to recover her spirits and to chatter gaily to the nurse who was looking after her, and to her dear and devoted Katta, the Duchess's maid, who was constantly in the nursery amusing her.

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The world is so full of a number of things
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.—R.L.S.

Katta is especially good at make-believe, and excellent at manœuvring the dancing dolls, a boy doll and his girl friend, in a ballroom pose —he with a fine stitched parting down the middle of his head, and she with two plaits and a petunia petticoat, and if you hum an appropriate tune and guide them with the elastic attached to their shoulders, they do all the latest dance steps.

The nursery windows are a great attraction to Princess Elizabeth—if you can't go out for a walk, the next best thing is to look out of the window—and often in those winter days she was delighted at the sight of a troop of Life Guards threading their way under the Arch that leads down Constitution Hill, the horses sidestepping daintily on the frosty road, and the scarlet of the men's overcoats draped across their horses' flanks making a splash of colour beautiful to behold.

Princess Elizabeth loves colour, and there is a wealth of colour in the great big roomy mahogany toy cupboard which stands against one of the nursery walls. There are numbers of yellow-brown silky-to-touch dogs, and a large emerald green frog, and a dashing drake with a sapphire feather in his retroussé tail,

all these and many more colourful friends dwell in the deep cupboard; and when a visitor comes to see Princess Elizabeth in her own domain they are pulled out one by one, the dog by the ear, the frog by his foot, the drake by his tail. If the visitor is rather a stranger, Princess Elizabeth does not say much, but when the dog, frog and duck, with a dolly or two, have been disposed to the best advantage on the cherry-coloured carpet, she gazes at the visitor's face to read there the measure of the effect that her dear favourites have produced. The upper part of the large mahogany cupboard forms a glazed cabinet, and here carefully arranged on shelves are the more decorative and breakable toys, lovely china models of animals and cottages and miniature furniture, and delicately dressed little dolls—and there seated on a shelf, his back against the cabinet and all his pearlies a-shine, is the coster doll presented to the Duchess for the Princess at the Coster Ball eighteen months ago.

It is noticeable that among Princess Elizabeth's playthings there are none of those nightmare ugly toys that some mothers, for some foolish reason, buy for their little ones.

The Duchess knows how brightly receptive in its early years is the mind of a child, " wax to receive, marble to retain "; she knows, too, how many are the unlovely things disfiguring the path of life, and that no child, whether princess or peasant, may tread far along the path without encountering them—and so, in these nursery days, it is the Duchess's anxious care to surround her daughter only with loveliness.

There are not many pictures in the gay airy day nursery, but on one wall, a present from the Queen to her granddaughter, hangs Margaret Tarrant's tender interpretation of The Child—with the children and the rabbits, the squirrels, the wild wood flowers and the birds; and some day soon Princess Elizabeth will be learning to repeat after her mother the simple words of " All things bright and beautiful, All creatures great and small . . ."

On the mantelpiece beside the comfortable clock, whose gentle tick measures the unhurried moments between breakfast and going out, between dinner and tea and bath and bedtime, stand photographs of the Duke and Duchess, framed in soft brown leather frames, and another photograph of two of Princess Elizabeth's favourite cousins—the faces are not

covered by glass but by talc, which has the advantage of being not only kissable but unbreakable.

A very original possession owned by Princess Elizabeth is a painted and polished chair just her size, adorned with a spirited design of chamois skipping from peak to pinnacle of their Alpine fastness. It is a perfect delight to the Princess, for when she seats herself upon it with a quaintly expectant air, from somewhere in its interior there ripples out a cheerful tune, frail and tinkling, like the melody from an old musical-box.

Princess Elizabeth, like lots of small children, loves to perch on an odd or unconventional seat. She was charmed the other day at finding in one of the drawing rooms what doubtless seemed to her the delightful fancy dress of dust sheets. The furniture seemed to be behaving unusually, engaging in fact in a set of the old-fashioned Lancers, all the lighter pieces, like the "Ladies" had advanced to the centre, while the heavier inhabitants of the room stood at intervals around the walls; but what instantly attracted the Princess was the carpet, which had been rolled up and wrapped in red and white check,

Marcus Adams

We Three

and was lying like a very out-size bolster at one end of the room. At once she ran and settled herself on the extreme end of it, spreading out her skirts and looking like some apple-blossom fairy alighted on a fallen tree.

Princess Elizabeth has seen the sea. She saw it last March at Bognor, and to tell the truth was not unduly impressed by it. The sea seemed to Princess Elizabeth only one more of those long established beautiful things that have just happened, like the sun who sometimes stares so hard that you can't look back at him, you have to wink—or the great mountains behind Glamis, so high, it would surely take a year or two to reach the top of them.

"Mummy is on the sea," she was told, "in a ship, going to Norway" this was interesting —and then again a week later, "Mummy is coming back to you now, in a ship across the sea." Princess Elizabeth looked optimistically at the little wanton waves, if at that moment the Duke and Duchess of York in gala dress had stepped from one of the bobbing brown sailed fishing boats on to the beach at Bognor, she would not have been astonished. However, there was no sign of them, and so the

next day she went back happily with her nurse and her sun-kissed cheeks and her wind-caressed curls to Piccadilly, and when she had climbed the little flight of steps that lead from the outer to the inner hall, there, just as he ought to be, was her Father.

Greatly excited after this absence of ten days from her parents, Princess Elizabeth acquainted her Father with the more important of her doings down in Bognor. She then demanded her Mother, and a few moments later, having heard the Duchess's voice through a doorway, precipitated herself into the room. Kisses and thrills and loves and hugs, and then the Princess disengaging herself, announced importantly—"I've come from Bognor!" The Duchess showed the correct measure of delighted surprise. "Yes, but where has Mummy come from?" suggested the Princess's nurse, "You remember," she prompted "Nor . . ." "Norway!" cried the Princess triumphantly, as though there was nothing in the world she didn't know about Norway. And then, since she possesses a very excellent circulation, she began to feel uncomfortably hot in all her outdoor things, a pull and a tug and off came her goldy-yellow bonnet, under-

Marcus Adams

What did you say ?

neath, the fluff of curls lay warm and flattened. "Oh Elizabeth, what have you done to your hair!" but further undressing was in progress, off came the goldy-yellow coat, the diminutive gloves and the woolly knicker leggings, and then with a delicious gesture flinging wide her arms Princess Elizabeth breathed relief.

"Elizabeth, how is Grandpapa?" "Grandpapa is much better!" and again the small arms went out to measure the amount; while Nurse explained that even during the short time they were down there, the King had seemed to be better, and that he had come out on the landing that morning to wave to them good-bye.

"I had a party at Bognor," remarked Princess Elizabeth, bringing the conversation back and sinking her voice to the whisper she sometimes uses, "and I made sand pies!" "Well, now tell Mummy which were the kind you made so very nicely?" "Apple sand cakes!" the whisper was thrilling and intense. "And were they good to eat?"—Princess Elizabeth made a face. Then she seized her Mother's hand, "Mummy, Pappa's downstairs," "Yes, did he kiss you?" a vigorous nodding of the head. "Oh how naughty of him, poor Pappa's got a cold,"—"Is it the

same cold?" the Princess demanded instantly. There was so much talk of colds in those days that she got a little muddled, grown-ups seemed always having colds, and some of them, like Grandpapa, kept their colds for an extraordinarily long time.

But Bognor soon became a misty memory in the excitement of going down to Naseby for Easter. At Naseby too, Princess Elizabeth spent that most important day, her third birthday, among the daffodils which the Duchess had planted in the gardens round the house.

Princess Elizabeth's birthday party was celebrated this year with the help of three candles and a very beautiful cake. It had to be an extra large cake because the Princess shared it with the delighted village children, and certainly, as long as cake crumbs endure, portions of it will be preserved as relics in the cottage parlours of Naseby.

Princess Elizabeth received a number of delightful presents, some of which were catalogued at the time in the Press—"A pony from her parents, and a cairn terrier from her uncle, the Prince of Wales." Unfortunately, though the reporters considered that these

presents were just the very things for the Princess, their views were not shared by the Duke and Duchess, who thought that Princess Elizabeth was still too young for such exacting possessions as pets—to be strictly truthful, therefore, Princess Elizabeth was not then given either a pony or a dog!

After a visit to Windsor, where many members of the Royal Family had gathered to greet the King on his birthday and to congratulate him on the second stage of his convalescence, Princess Elizabeth settled down at the house in Piccadilly to enjoy a London season in which she was to make more than one public appearance.

She was taken one memorable afternoon by the Duke and Duchess just for an hour to the Royal Military Tournament at Olympia, and bare-headed in the Royal Box, she waved excitedly to her Father as he completed an inspection of a contingent of the Royal Air Force in the Arena below.

Princess Elizabeth loves soldiers, pageants and shows, and going to the Tournament was a great excitement; but there was another treat in store to which she had been looking forward

with intense delight, and that was a visit to the Zoo.

Before her visit to the Zoo Princess Elizabeth already knew numbers of the animals by their names from looking at them in her picture books. She knew, too, just where they live, because, when her afternoon drives in Hyde Park have to be varied on account of the public attention they arouse, she is taken for drives round Regent's Park, and sometimes catches thrilling glimpses of the mountain sheep on the Mappin Terraces or of the bright flapping macaws in the aviary by the canal, and she and her nurse have long and important conversations about the inhabitants of the Gardens, with the result that Princess Elizabeth can imitate any number of animal noises. It is the quaintest thing in the world to see her sitting on a stool at home, and producing from somewhere under her white bodice the hollow hungry bark of the sea-lions at feeding time.

A great deal has already appeared in the Press about Princess Elizabeth's ear for music, and many letters have been received by the Duchess soliciting the honour of teaching the

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Accompanied by Her Majesty she walked abroad.

Princess her first notes, but doubtless when the time comes the Duchess will wish herself to give her daughter lessons, just as she herself learnt music in childhood from her own Mother.

At present Princess Elizabeth is far too young for lessons of any kind—though with her bright, open intelligence, she must be learning every day. She always shows the most eager interest in anything that is explained to her, and as the Duchess says of her, "Elizabeth is such a good companion."

A delightful incident occurred the other day. The Duchess was talking to a friend who had come to see her, when she bethought herself of a small jewelled powder-box which she wished to give as a surprise gift to her friend, and making some small excuse went out of the room. After a minute the door opened ever so slightly to admit a little rose-clad figure—Princess Elizabeth went straight to the visitor and placing in her hand a tiny jewelled box, remarked seriously and without confusion: "That is for you to powder your nose." Then the Duchess came in laughing and the little box was admired and opened, and Princess Elizabeth, to whom life is a great wide-open

picture-book, each page of which requires her close investigation, pressed against the visitor's knee, enquiring eagerly as the lid sprang open to reveal powder and puff and looking-glass, " What's that?—what's that? "

Afterwards the visitor rising to her feet said to the Princess, " Now I must really thank you ! " and swept her a reverence, which the Princess gravely and carefully imitated.

The Princess has charming spontaneous gestures of her own. The other day when in a room with her Mother, they somehow knocked over the telephone which fell with a crash. The Princess's nurse hurried to the scene thinking that she had tumbled, as she did tumble one day, all down the stairs at Naseby; but at Nurse's anxious enquiry Princess Elizabeth flung wide her arms, small expressive palms upward. " Oh no," she said with calm, " it's only the telephone."

Like all children, Princess Elizabeth will sometimes make use of an unexpected phrase or expression she has somewhere overheard, " My goodness ! " she remarked one day in the hearing of her Mother, and was at once told that this was not pretty and mustn't be repeated. Princess Elizabeth has therefore

H.R.H. The Duke of York

The elves and I and lilies tall
Rejoicing in life's Festival

since that day carefully guarded her lips against "My goodness!"—but alas, that grown-ups are not all so watchful! It does sometimes occur that Princess Elizabeth hears some grown-up person, who ought to know better, exclaim "My goodness!" then up go her small arms in a gesture of mock amazement, and she presses her palms tightly over her mouth, while her blue eyes are full of roguish laughter. Princess Elizabeth finds such a happening infinitely humorous.

And as to humour, though she looks pensive at times, she is brimful of it. Coming in from a walk one day and divesting herself of her gloves, Princess Elizabeth threw them on the floor. "What have you thrown down, Elizabeth?" "Socks," she replied with engaging promptness. And another time turning the pages of a book and coming on an illustration of herself. "Who's that?" she was asked. "A," replied Princess Elizabeth instantly, naming someone in her Mother's entourage, her little face beaming and twinkling, as who should say, "Now isn't that a joke!"

On July 1st, Princess Elizabeth with hundreds and thousands of the King's thank-

ful subjects, welcomed her Grandfather home. As the Royal carriage, moving through cheering multitudes, passed beneath the windows of the house in Piccadilly, the King and Queen looked up, and there on the balcony stood a radiantly happy party—the Duke and Duchess of York with Princess Mary and Lord Lascelles and their two little sons, and in the midst, Princess Elizabeth, all curls and smiles, blowing kisses to her Grandfather fervently with her left hand, while with her right she waved her Union Jack as vigorously as any loyal Londoner. Nor was this the last excitement of that exciting day, for Princess Elizabeth hurried with her Mother to Buckingham Palace to be there when the King arrived—and when at last the King and Queen came out to the scarlet and gold draped balcony, the delighted crowds could see that King George was leading his granddaughter by the hand, and as the mighty choir of "God save the King" changed to a thunder of cheering, Princess Elizabeth bare-headed in her pink frock, was lifted to a chair between her grandparents, and after gravely saluting in response to the excited applause that greeted her appearance, she watched with intense

interest the wonderful spectacle of the crowd filling the square and overflowing in all directions into the Park and along the Mall.

Few of us can remember connectedly before the age of four years old, and it is curious to reflect that the memory of this small child, already such an important personage in the eyes of England, is still only nebulous and vague, and that but a few incidents of this part of her life will survive in after years clear and defined from out of a misty haze. Surely that day in July on the balcony at Buckingham Palace, will be one of Princess Elizabeth's very early memories.

Fortunately Princess Elizabeth has the serenest outlook on life, changes and packings and departures worry her not at all. One day she may be taking her afternoon drive in familiar midsummer London, looking out on houses and squares that she knows, on hurrying people and elegant cars and smart friendly policemen and hot sunshiny streets; and the next, she may find herself transplanted to the amazing silence and stillness of Glamis, where there are no noises of motors and no smells of petrol, where out for your afternoon walk you

hardly meet anyone, and where everybody you meet is a friend.

Usually the Duchess of York likes to spend her birthday, August 4th, at Glamis; but last year it was not until the evening of August 8th that she and the Duke and Princess Elizabeth were able to leave Kings Cross for their visit to Scotland.

In the train Princess Elizabeth slept as soundly as in her own nursery cot, and since the arrival at Glamis is somewhere about 6 a.m., a good hour before her ordinary waking up time, in spite of a prolonged discussion with her nurse on the matter the evening before, it was a very drowsy and droopy little girl, hatless, but in a cosy coat, who was carried like some sleeping flower across the station platform in the arms of the station master, quite an old friend, to be carefully deposited on the cushions of the waiting motor car.

But a little later on that same day, Princess Elizabeth, wide awake now, raced about the Castle, visiting last year's vaguely remembered hide-and-seek haunts, breathless up the great winding stone staircase of the Keep, hopping down the carpeted "pink stairs," fearful, holding tightly to somebody's hand, past the

The Princess and her Bodyguard at Glamis taking things cheerily.

stuffed bear in the dim light of Duncan's Hall, into the blue room hung with paintings of elegant nervous large-eyed racehorses, across the echoing Crypt with its sentinel men in armour, and out through the heavy studded creaking door, down the grey granite steps into the scent and sunlight of Grandmother's garden.

And in the brightness of the garden, energetically sniffing the mignonette in the border, and dabbling her fingers in the blue-tiled pool, or standing on tip-toe to powder her nose in a tiger-lily, Princess Elizabeth could scarcely remember familiar old London at all.

Children—and dogs, so they say, are keenly sensitive to the psychic atmosphere around them; and certainly Princess Elizabeth responds with the greatest delight to the holiday spirit of those first August days she spends each year in Scotland. As soon as anyone arrives at Glamis a sense of blessed quietude and peace seems to descend; far behind in another world have been left the last wilting wearying days of the London season; cares and responsibilities fall away, and there are no more dates and engagements, calendars

and telephones—positively there is nothing that must be done, with the whole long day to do it in.

No one more than the Duke and Duchess of York, after their exacting London life, could be readier to welcome this time of relaxation, and no one more than their small daughter could be readier to expand in that atmosphere of general gaiety—and to profit by it.

There are many times in London, when on account of her parents' constant engagements, Princess Elizabeth, rushing downstairs from her nursery or flying upstairs from her drive or her walk to demand her Father and Mother, finds they are away from home; but at Glamis this never happens. From the moment when, sometimes uncomfortably bright and early, trailing her favourite toy, she invades her Mother's room, until that pleasantly tired moment called "tucking-up time," Princess Elizabeth revels in the companionship of the best playmates in the world.

It is true that when the Duke is not playing games with her, or leading her by the hand under the stone archway and across the cobbled court to the stables, or making pictures of her among the lilies or the friendly tumb-

ling dogs, then he disappears fishing, or playing golf or snipe shooting—but Princess Elizabeth's Mother is nearly always with her, and together they wander to the glass houses in search of a peach, learning on the way the name of some plant or flower freshly aflame in the border, or with a like passionate interest they look for that one white sprig in the heather that brings joy and the heart's desire, or on a very hot day, leaning against the low wall of the little bridge to the burn path, the Duchess sings soft and low to a wide-eyed Princess—"For auld lang syne, my dear," and then there is nothing for it but to climb perilously down the steep bank to where a burn, made to be paddled in, tinkles as cool as ice in a tumbler, slipping away like glass, blonde and amber and brown, and the Princess, like a wood-elf or a wagtail perched on a grey-green stone and looking up mischievously at her Mother, thrills at the first delicious chill on the soles of her venturesome feet.

Every day at Glamis is a holiday and always there is something amusing for Princess Elizabeth to do—a drive with her Mother to Cortachy and the Bonnie House of Airlie, a long planned picnic with her Father and

Mother and Grandfather to beautiful Lumley Den, where the bluebells of Scotland wave all day in the wind that rustles the heather, a picnic at which the chief excitement for Princess Elizabeth centres round the unpacking of a large and mysterious luncheon basket.

Or the day when Grannie gives her annual garden party for the household staff and the tenantry and the townspeople—on this day last year Princess Elizabeth, a pale-blue periwinkle fairy, having wandered on to the wide lawn in front of the Castle, stood there awe-struck gazing solemnly at the big drummer with the big drum among his companions of the Glamis band; and when the band after a number of Highland airs broke into the merry music of a reel, Princess Elizabeth's natural desire to dance was too strong for her, so that at once she fell to doing her steps in time to the compelling tune, until suddenly when the music stopped, she discovered that she was the centre of a great circle and that her every movement was being watched by about five hundred people! It was only then that she became shy, and seeing her Mother somewhere among the crowd, went running to the ever-ready refuge of the Duchess's outstretched arms.

Small wonder then that at first Princess Elizabeth was a little sorry to be going away from Glamis further north to Birkhall, a house she had never stayed in before, where this year her parents were to spend the last part of their holiday.

But to none of us in life is given the knowledge of what is waiting for us round the corner, so that even when, on the first morning after her arrival at Birkhall, Princess Elizabeth saw "Daisy" for the first time, she was unaware that above their meeting hovered shyly all those generous expansive timid

impulses, which on a sudden flooding together, weld themselves warmly into that beautiful and satisfying abstract thing called Friendship.

"Daisy" was only a pony, and the Princess a very small girl; yet for the next six weeks there was one moment in every day eagerly awaited by both of them, and that was an after-breakfast moment, when Princess Elizabeth stood on the stone steps with her skirt full of carrots watching for the first appearance of "Daisy" trotting briskly along between the shafts of the cart which carries the parcels and mails for the house of Birkhall from the Post Office of Ballater.

Philosophers have told us that in every great romantic friendship there is always the one who just willingly accepts what the other as passionately bestows. Princess Elizabeth lavished upon "Daisy," love, caresses and carrots; but who shall say that the nuzzlings of "Daisy's" nose and her charmingly eager manner of crunching up love-tokens, were not the giver's complete and sufficient reward? — certain it is that long after Princess Elizabeth had gone south again over the Border, a forlorn Highland pony coming to their trysting place, would prance with

impatient feet on the doorstep, looking in vain for a little child with her offerings of soft love-words and carrots.

And now Princess Elizabeth actually does possess a pony of her own. How often have the Press presented her with a pony! But *the* pony, the Princess's own, was given to her by her Father last Christmas, and she loves it.

When Princess Elizabeth left Scotland in the first week of October, 1929, it was to travel south alone with her nurse, for she was due to fulfil a social engagement of her own; she was going to stay with the King and Queen at Sandringham. After two nights in her nursery in Piccadilly, she started off in high spirits from Kings Cross with her Grandparents, and although interested in the furnishings of the King's compartment and of that one fitted up for her like a nursery, she was also anxious to have a good game on the platform before it was time to take their seats in the train. The crowds who happened to be in the station could judge at a glance of the very healthful effect that her holiday in Scotland had had on the Princess.

Once at Sandringham she set herself to continue the good work which she had so

willingly undertaken at Craigwell House and at Windsor, that of cheering the King's now happily almost completed convalescence by her bracing companionship. Princess Elizabeth's young and vital personality is at times so tonic, that the thoughts of a convalescent to whom she is devoting herself turn a trifle wistfully towards a short period of rest. It is related that on such an occasion, the King, evidently desirous of keeping his thoughts to himself, refrained from ringing the bell which should summon the Princess's nurse, but opening the door of his room, went himself into the corridor in search of her. Instantly a clear and guileless voice pursued him—"Grandpapa, Grandpapa! you've forgotten to shut the door!" Princess Elizabeth, having by perseverance attained to the poise and polish of the agreeably mannered, is a believer in passing it on.

It was on November 4th that Princess Elizabeth returned to London with the King and Queen. Sitting between them in the car from Kings Cross in her cosy autumn coat and becoming bonnet, she leaned far forward to gaze at the vast quiet crowd gathered outside Buckingham Palace to welcome

Topical

"Piper, pipe a melody!"

the King home. But for once Princess Elizabeth was very still and serious, awed a little as children are by an undercurrent of emotion too deep for them to understand, she sat very solemnly, forgetting as she so often does to laugh and kiss her hand.

During this November month in London, Princess Elizabeth on bright days was sitting for her portrait to a lady who many times had painted the Duchess of York as a child. The Princess, who is perfectly accustomed to the process of being photographed, was astonished to find that being painted is not nearly so accommodatingly brisk. She found the sittings, if they could be called " sittings," frankly boring; just merely sitting is not exactly the Princess's strongest point, and it says much for the skill of the artist that the Duke and Duchess were charmed with the finished result.

December month in London is always exciting. As the days go on you know by the general feel in the air and by the things you see in the shops, that somewhere old Father Christmas is busy again furbishing up his sledge, preparing to start once more on

that jolly rollicking overladen journey of his which each year culminates miraculously almost at the same moment beside a hundred million beds.

Princess Elizabeth's presents were tied to the foot of her cot at Sandringham where her parents spent Christmas again with the King and Queen, but just after Christmas week the Duchess and Princess Elizabeth went as they always do to St. Paul's Walden, and there, in the atmosphere of tranquil happiness that seems to radiate from that lovely old house, among a gathering of gay young cousins, all grandchildren of Lady Strathmore, Princess Elizabeth revelled in what seemed to be Christmas all over again.

With the exception of a few visits to London the early Spring of 1930 was spent at Naseby in Northamptonshire, a quiet time for the Princess marked only by those red-letter days, when, having patted with the flat of her palm the smooth shoulder of her Father's horse and seen him mount, she would drive with her Mother to a meet.

And every day down in the gardens of Naseby the gay spring days were getting

Keystone

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity.—Milton.

gayer, brighter and more spring-like, until suddenly, as it seemed to Princess Elizabeth, it was time to pack up again and move to Windsor. For it was April, and April meant Easter and Princess Elizabeth's birthday.

It must be pleasant when one is four years old and a Princess, to spend one's birthday in such a splendid place as Royal Windsor—and besides, being Easter time, before the actual birthday there was at least one exciting shopping expedition with the Queen, which included a visit to a confectioner's in the town, for the purchase of chocolates and Easter eggs. Princess Elizabeth's fourth birthday was on Bank Holiday, and though she had but the haziest idea as to why those hundreds of laughing and cheering people were thronging the Norman Gate and St. George's Gate and trying to burst into the Quadrangle to see her, she knew that they had come with the very friendly intention of wishing her many happy returns of the day.

Fittingly enough the chief item on the Princess's birthday programme was connected with soldiers. At 10.30 a.m. the Scots Guards marched into the Castle for the changing of

the Guard. Simultaneously the Princess came out into the Grand Quadrangle with her small boy cousins, Lord Lascelles and the Hon. Gerald Lascelles. After the ceremony she went over to the pipers and admired them, then she returned to her place, and as the Guards marched back to barracks, very gravely she stood to attention to take the officer's salute.

When the Guards had gone, the cheerful Bank holiday crowd who had been making various vigorous attempts to see her, came in for Princess Elizabeth's attention. She walked up to one of the Gateways and waved her hand to them and blew them kisses—after that she mounted her perambulator and was wheeled away. Unwittingly perhaps, but certainly very graciously, Princess Elizabeth had given pleasure to several hundred people. If she herself forgets that fourth birthday, there will be many who saw her then, a smiling sunny-headed child, who will remember it for her.

Any attempt to chronicle the early life of a Princess would probably be looked upon as hopelessly inadequate without some reference to her clothes. But then Princess Elizabeth is such a very little Princess, that clothes at

the moment mean only to her, a frock and shoes, her coat and her bonnet. Assuredly, however, the day will come when Princess Elizabeth will feel what every woman knows, the exquisite thrill of trying on a hat, or of finding a diaphanous butterfly ball gown with its silver shoes, all ready to slip into, on the bed in a firelit bedroom.

But at present Princess Elizabeth leaves the choice of her clothes to her Mother, and who could be better qualified than the Duchess, who in these days of a general sameness in women's dress achieves individuality without ever a touch of the extravagant.

The Duchess of York has definite ideas about dressing a child, and they can be summed up in the single word Simplicity.

Princess Elizabeth when tiny wore only white, with no touch of colour but her coral beads—in crawling days a pink sprigged crawler used to be pulled over her skirts, and then, after a time, her white cambric morning frocks would be smocked across the yoke with some pale colour, and on her feet would be turquoise shoes or gay scarlet shoes, bright and arresting as holly berries.

To-day, Princess Elizabeth still has her white frocks for the morning, loose and simple, and made with a yoke—and most people, having seen them so often in the photographs, could describe her afternoon dresses—to begin with, the waistline of these frocks is always in the middle so to speak, the Duchess of York does not like the long waisted style for children —there is a plain small bodice often with short sleeves, while the important little skirt is all composed of tiny flouncy frills. Quite often now the Princess appears in colours primrose yellow or delicious flower-like pink.

Wild rose pink is a colour that suits Princess Elizabeth perfectly, and Londoners, during

Marcus Adams

Princesses of a million hearts.

those blazing July days, were charmed to catch glimpses of her driving in the Park in a pink frock with an old-world sun-bonnet and gravely holding above her head the smallest of pink parasols.

But if Princess Elizabeth leaves to the Duchess of York the choosing of her wardrobe, she also leaves to her Mother the reading of her correspondence—for Princess Elizabeth on every one of her birthdays received letters from nearly every part of the globe. They are mostly from children like herself, those young admirers, from the small Mamies and Maisies of America writing from Main Streets in obscure home-towns to tell of their dolls and their favourite candies, and to ask hopefully for the Princess's photograph—to youthful British pioneers with Romance astir in their small-boy breasts, who write in large round-hand from the wilds of the Australian Bush, enclosing in their letters the seeds of some queer plant, a flattened sprig of wattle, or the sweet-scented purple-black baronia flower.

Surely, if letters arrive like this when she is so young, before the age of ten Princess Elizabeth will have to engage a secretary!

Soon, it is true, she will be running eagerly towards the beckoning beauty of Childhood's enchanted wood, and in the magic of the wood of Childhood Princess Elizabeth will meet knights, heroes and dragons, witches, elves and fairies, robbers and red Indians—there will be governesses in the wood and lesson-books, rewards and punishments and playtime, ponies to learn to ride and pets to feed and fondle—and she will find there friendships and ideals and disappointments, with tears and tumbles, and she will learn in the wood a thousand thousand things that are never printed in black and white between the prim covers of lesson-books. She will learn, for instance, that the starry face of the wood anemone has its beauty as well as the finest orchid, that the russet toad wears a jewel in his head, and the grey-ash glow-worm carries a light in her tail. She will learn, too, that there are thorns and thickets in the wood, and rough winds and wild weather, and yet, that near every nettle that stings you grows a dock leaf for your comfort.

And Princess Elizabeth will learn that she is not alone in the wood, but that all around

her is an infinity of life, and that every variation of it, the bright-eyed bird and the bright-winged beetle, the squirrel and the furry rabbit, the mole, the worm and the bee, fit each into its appointed place like the blended silks and wools in an old tapestry—and she will know that there are many other children passing with her through the wood, and some of their paths will touch her paths, but some will be widely different, and after a while Princess Elizabeth will be aware that the eyes of all the other children are upon her, that they are looking to her with love and admiration—as to an Example.

On the evening of Thursday, the 21st of August, 1930, an event occurred which not only made the British people very happy, but even increased the important position which our little Princess occupies in the world.

For a sister arrived at Glamis Castle, the first Royal Child to be born in Scotland for more than three hundred years. Had a son been born to the Duke and Duchess of York he would have been the third in succession to the Throne; but as it is Princess Elizabeth remains in that position, after the Prince of Wales and the Duke, her Father.

But we all hope that it will be a very long time, indeed, before any successor is called to the very high position so graciously and successfully filled by His Majesty King George the Fifth, who has won the love and honour of the citizens of the Empire all the world over.

And so in these pages we leave Princess Elizabeth a sweet and lovable child of four-and-a-half years, standing on the brink of a wonderful future.

Marcus Adams

Sweet childish days that were as long
As twenty days are now.—W. Wordsworth

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